

THE
CHILD'S FRIEND.

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FRANK AND HARRY.

THE OLD GARRET.

THE old cloak began to speak in a different tone from that of the coat. I cannot say it was gloomy, but it was very serious ; it was a kindly, affectionate tone, that did not make you unhappy while it made you thoughtful. "I agree," said he, "with my neighbor who has just spoken, that no one deserves better of society, than he who promotes its innocent merriment. No bad person can know what true gaiety of heart is. Goodness and cheerfulness are like substance and shadow ; where one is, the other will always follow. But some laugh more than others. I am not a laugher now ; I once was more so ; but I am cheerful and contented and remember past trials without any bitterness. I also had my origin from that useful animal the sheep. I came from a true merino, and went through all those painful processes of

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carding, spinning, weaving, dyeing, stretching, dressing, &c., and was at last like them placed in a shop for sale. A beautiful young girl purchased me for her bridal pelisse. Never did a happier heart beat than did hers on the Sunday after she was married, when she wore me to the church, holding by her husband's arm. I could not but partake of the pleasure which she received from the gentle pressure of his arm when she put hers within his, saying, "I am glad, dear, you like my pelisse so much." Oh! how happy we all were! how proud my mistress was of me, how proud I was of her. I hate to pass hastily over these happy days, but I suppose the history of them would not be very interesting to any of my hearers, for one day was very much like another. Never did any garment cover a more innocent, joyful heart than that of my mistress. But nothing is permanent in this world; I lasted well for some years, but my sleeves at last became threadbare; soon after there were actual holes in them, and holes also in my waist; I was, I must confess, a shabby looking pelisse.

My dear mistress took me into her hands one day, and after examining me all over said with a sigh, "I cannot wear it any longer; I must give it up." At last her expression brightened and she added, "I can give it to cousin Jane; I am very tall and she is very short: the skirt is very good, and she can make a cloak of it; there is plenty for that; and so my precious pelisse will still be where I can see it." Forthwith I was sent to cousin Jane with a very pretty note explaining to her the reasons why her cousin took the liberty of offering her, her old pelisse. Cousin Jane wanted a cloak and could not afford to buy one, so I was carefully

ripped up and turned and made into a very respectable garment. Cousin Jane was a dress maker, and in her service I learned something of what dress makers have to endure. She had not been long engaged in her trade, and at first she would put me on in the morning with a brisk, vigorous manner, but in the evening, when she returned home, how differently she took me up, how differently she threw me over her weary shoulders. Soon she ceased to put me on in the morning in the same strong, elastic manner, but she took me up languidly and as if she dreaded the day, and when she went into the air she would wrap me very closely round her, just as if, as it seemed to me, I was her only comfort and she pressed me to her heart in hopes it would ache less when she did so. Often she would have a bundle to bring home and she would wrap me round it to hide it, for her mother had been a lady, and Jane felt mortified, foolishly perhaps, that she had to work for her living. Many and many a time as Jane was returning from her day's work very late from a place where she had been kept sewing for fourteen hours and then allowed to go home alone, she would be spoken to by some rude, unfeeling man who thought he might insult a dress maker with impunity. Once one of these so called gentlemen said to her as he was passing her, "Does your mother know you're out, my dear?" Jane made no reply, but went on in a quiet, dignified manner, but I felt her poor heart beat hard and quick as she did so, and as soon as she was at home she burst into tears.

Poor dear cousin Jane, my heart aches to think of her. Day after day, from morning till night, and often till the next day began, she toiled and toiled, stooping over

her work, sewing, sewing, hour after hour and day after day, stooping all the time, till her eyes lost their brightness, her step all its elasticity, her shoulders grew round, and her health failed. Oh, had those for whom she labored for her small day's wages, but observed how the lamp of life was gradually going out, they would not have allowed her so to work without any respite; they would have made her take better care of her own health, they would have sent her home early, they would not have allowed her to work thirteen or fourteen hours a day in their service.

There was one family in which she worked where the master and mistress forbade this and insisted at one o'clock at noon that she should lay aside her work and walk till two when they dined. Then they insisted upon her dining at their own table and tried to make her meal a social and pleasant one. Oh! these were white days for poor Jane. Could I not tell when she was going to work in this family by the way she threw me over her shoulders? Did I not feel her gentle heart beating with unwonted warmth as she came home from this house before eight o'clock, accompanied by the truly good man of the house, or some trusty person? When she hung me up in her small bed room, did I not notice her grateful, happy smile? She felt that she was recognized by these good people as a sister and friend and that the words 'All men are brethren,' which we hear at church and read in the Bible, were not mere words with them. These evenings she would make her small fire, and sometimes indulge herself in reading a little while, and she would go to bed early and she did not look so pale in the morning.



Had all her customers been as kind and considerate to cousin Jane as these good people were, she might have lived, and I should, perhaps, have continued in her possession; but life was too hard for her,—she struggled with it for many years, and then her sweet spirit turned wearily away from it; she grew weaker and weaker, the color grew brighter and brighter on her cheek and in her eye; she looked like a spirit, and ere long she was one.

Her cousin, my first owner, came to her as soon as she heard how ill she was, and took her home to her own house in the country, where, I should have told you before, she lived. There she nursed her, and made her last days as happy as she could; but she was weary of this life and longed for a better one, and she passed away as gently and sweetly as a summer evening cloud or a dying flower.

Her excellent cousin, my first mistress, who, as I suppose you know, my friends, was also your mistress, gave away all Jane's few clothes in the way she thought best. Jane had given them all to her. "All Jane's clothes, except this dear cloak," she said to her husband, "I have given to the poor; this I must keep myself, for it was one of my wedding garments, and dear Jane has made it all the dearer to me." So I was again at my first home, and treated with great care and kindness by its mistress. "I shall," she said, "keep it to lend to my friends, who are caught here in the rain when they come to visit us; it shall be called the friend's cloak, and shall be always kept in the closet in the entry, close at hand, for this purpose."

Now I suppose every one knows of how much use

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such a cloak is in a family. Never was a cloak more employed than I. I was everybody's cloak. I was used to play dumb orator with. I was at every one's service. I don't know how they ever did without me.

Don't be astonished that I did not wear out ; my lining was strong, and I tell you an old cloak has a charmed life : you cannot wear it out, like charity it suffereth long and is kind. As my dear mistress's children grew up, I was treated very much as you all have been ; that is to say, with no respect at all. What a different life was mine from that which I led with dear, gentle cousin Jane. Peace be with her sweet spirit.

One prank of the boys, which happened some years after Jane's death, I must relate, and then I have done. The eldest, whose name was Willie, took me the evening before thanksgiving day, and having dressed himself up in some of the cook's dirty old clothes, and hung a basket on his arm, put me over his shoulders, and I went begging of all the neighbors for something to keep thanksgiving with. He disguised his voice by putting cotton wool in his mouth, and I wonder myself how I came to know him. Two or three boys of his acquaintance, went with him, all dressed as beggars ; and a grand frolic they had. They went to one house, where a man lived that made great pretensions to religion and goodness, but who the boys strongly suspected was not very compassionate to the poor. "Please," said Willie, "give us a little flour and raisins, for our mother to make a thanksgiving pudding with to-morrow." His answer was a slam of the door in his face. "Let us go to granny Horton's," said one of the boys ; "she has not gone to bed yet." "Oh," said Willie, "you know she has no-

thing but what mother sends her, or some of the neighbors; it would be a shame. I carried her a pair of chickens this morning, and some flour and raisins; and it is a shame to beg of her, she is so kind. But won't it be funny if she gives us something, when Squire Marsh would not; at any rate, she'll not slam the door in our faces. Come, let's go quick, before she puts out her little light and goes to bed. I bet she'll give us one of her chickens. But let us take whatever she gives us, just for the fun, and for fear we should be found out." Willie was the spokesman, and he felt rather badly at first; but the fun of the thing was too tempting, so he agreed to speak. He was dressed as a girl, and wrapped me closely round him, as if he was very cold. He had on an old straw bonnet, and his face was painted, so that she could not recognize him, he knew.

They knocked at Granny Horton's door, and she, in a kind, gentle voice, replied, "Come in!" Willie, pretending to be a girl, told her, she and her brother and sister had come from the farther part of the town, where they lived in the woods with a mother, who was very old, and had nothing hardly to eat, and they wanted something good to carry her for thanksgiving day; a little flour, or a chicken, or anything good; but that it was too hard for his dear mother to have nothing but beans on that day, for that was what they lived on commonly. He looked so mournful, and spoke in such a mournful tone, that the dear old woman thought one moment, and then said to him, "I have two chickens and a quart of flour, and two pounds of raisins, sent to me by a good lady this morning, and brought to me by a real clever little boy, called Willie. I can't ask their leave, but I

guess they would not scold me for giving you half of what he brought me, for your mother, so you shall have it. "It's more blessed to give than to receive." "The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be His name." While she was saying these blessed words over, she was busy dividing the flour and the raisins, and putting them and the chicken into the basket which Willie gave her.

They all thanked the old woman very kindly, and went off with her flour and chicken. "What shall we do with it all," said they, as soon as they went out of the house. "Let us," said Willie, "beg all we can every where, and get our basket full, and carry it back to her, and when she is asleep, get it into her house again. I know how to open the window on the outside, when she thinks it fast." This was a good joke for them, so they went from house to house, and except at the Squire's, and one other place, got something from every one, till at last their basket was full.

Willie then led the way to Granny Horton's again. They looked in at the window, and by the light of a few embers, still burning, saw the good woman asleep in her great, old-fashioned chair, with her spectacles and a little stand by her side, on which lay her bible, open at the place where she had been reading.

"I can get in," said Willie, "and put the basket down by her side before she wakes." Accordingly, he went to a little window in the back-part of the house, and climbed in, and came softly into the room where she was and set the basket down on the hearth, all running over with good things.

Willie had not got more than safely back at the window, before the good woman waked up; and there, di-



rectly before her eyes, stood the basket. She took it up and examined it for some minutes before she took anything out of it; at last she began to examine its contents, when, at last, she came to her chicken, and flour, and raisins, in the very papers she had done them up in; she looked up and clasped her hands with such astonishment, with such a look of wonder and gratitude, that the boys in their glee, laughed outright, and so loud that she heard them. She ran to the window, but they were gone, and she never knew how it was that her chicken and flour brought her back seven-fold. When next the cook went to see her, she put me on, as she did not want to get her own cloak, and I was everybody's, she told her the whole story of finding her chicken and flour, and so many other good things with it. The cook kept the secret, and it was Granny Horton's firm faith that it was the wings of angels that she heard when she went to the window. As Willie turned to run, he forgot to hold me tight, and the wind blew me up so as to hide him entirely, and she told the cook that she saw great dark wings, and that she knew that they were those of an angel, who had brought her back her chicken and flour, and so many other good things, and who, doubtless, had also taken care of the poor woman to whom she sent them.

I fear you may be weary of my story; I have much more that I could relate, but I have already been too long. I am, as you see, ragged and worn; but the dear family have an affection for me as for all the rest of us, and so I am allowed to remain here in this most respectable company. I trust the wig will give us his history, for which we have waited so long.

E. L. F.

## CAN A CHILD HATE RELIGION?

A little girl was once heard to say, "I don't see what people talk so much about religion for; and now that I have grown older, they think whenever they give me a book, that it must be a sermonizing one. I suppose they think by this, that they will make me religious; but they are mistaken, for I don't like any preachifying books or preachifying talk, and I wish there was no such thing as religion." It is to be supposed that the child who said this, was very young, and that when she expressed the wish, that there was no such thing as religion, that she did not understand the meaning of the word.

Let us imagine when she uttered these words, which no doubt meant something in her mind, that there was hovering over her head, at this moment, a butterfly, who just escaped from his chrysalis, was trying his beautiful wings, and enjoying his new existence; and let us suppose, too, that the words, "I hate religion," were understood by him; if with his wings, had also been given him the power of speech, would he not have said, "Is that thing to be hated which helps you to know something of the power that has raised me from a worm to the beautiful insect you now see? pray, for a moment, examine the structure of my body: see with what skill I am made, look at the brilliant colors which make you admire me; you are fond of pretty dresses, — have you any dress that can compare with mine for beauty; and do you never ask or wish to know who has done all this for me? I will tell you that the religion you so much des-

prise, is the study which will lead you nearer to that perfect being, whose work I am." And now that the butterfly has done speaking, she alights on the bosom of a sweet flower; here she finds food, and a soft carpet for her tiny feet; from this flower arise delicious perfumes, and its soft petals are painted in most delicate hues; it receives in its bosom the rays of the sun, and the dew-drop decks it out in the evening, that it may with the first ray of the morning sun, be prepared for its hymn of praise, that it may show forth the beauty and power of the hand that made it. If the flower could, with its perfume, send forth a voice that could be understood, would it not ask the child to come and worship at its feet, and take to its heart a lesson in religion?

The child who said she hated religion, could not, as we have said, have known anything of the meaning of her words; for she loved all beautiful things, and all beautiful actions: and religion opens to us all the beauties that God has created in the world in which he has placed us; it enters our hearts, and makes us kind to each other; it gives us the power to watch over the sick, and to deny ourselves rest and ease, that we may relieve their sufferings; it makes us give to the needy; it comes to us when our friends have left this world, and tells us that they are only removed from us for a season; it leads us on to the land where their spirits dwell, and opens our inward eyes to the spiritual world, where all our best pleasures may be enjoyed, — our love of beauty, our love of goodness, our love of friends; it carries us on through fields of knowledge yet unthought of; it changes us from men to angels, and brings us nearer to the All-perfect. This, and much more, is what religion is to do for

us: it is to make the wilful child an intelligent being; it is to make the fearful in heart full of hope and courage; it is to make the selfish disinterested, and to destroy all hate, but that of wrong-doing. It is the only thing that does not bring some discontent. It is something that we can love with our whole hearts, when we understand it.

S. C. C.

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## CHILDHOOD.

BY JENS BAGGESEN, A DANE.

[From Longfellow's Poems and Poetry of Europe.]

THERE was a time when I was very small,  
When my whole frame was but an ell in height;  
Sweetly, as I recall it, tears do fall,  
And therefore I recall it with delight.

I sported in my tender mother's arms,  
And rode a-horseback on best father's knee;  
Alike were sorrows, passions, and alarms,  
And gold, and Greek, and love, unknown to me.

Then seemed to me this world far less in size,  
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far;  
Like points in heaven, I saw the stars arise,  
And longed for wings that I might catch a star.



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I saw the moon behind the islands fade,  
And thought, "O were I on that island there,  
I could find out of what the moon is made,  
Find out how large it is, how round, how fair!"

Wondering, I saw God's sun, through western skies,  
Sink in the ocean's golden lap at night,  
And yet upon the morrow early rise,  
And paint the eastern heaven with crimson light;

And thought of God, the gracious Heavenly Father,  
Who made me, and that lovely sun on high,  
And all those pearls of heaven thick-strung together,  
Dropped, clustering, from his hand o'er all the sky.

With childish reverence, my young lips did say  
The prayer my pious mother taught to me :  
"O gentle God! O, let me strive alway  
Still to be wise, and good, and follow thee!"

So prayed I for my father and my mother,  
And for my sister, and for all the town;  
The King I knew not, and the beggar-brother,  
Who bent with age, went, sighing, up and down.

They perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished,  
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!  
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished;-  
God! may I never, never lose that too!

## THE ASCENT OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF A. DUMAS.

WE arrived without accident at St. Peters, where the road ceases to be passable for carriages. This place formed the last station of the French army when it passed the great St. Bernard, beyond which the plains of Marengo awaited it. The people of the country showed us the different places occupied by the infantry, cavalry and artillery; they explained to us how the cannon, when taken off from their carriages, were fastened within the trunks of hollow pine trees, and carried in the arms of men, relays of whom succeeded each other at every hundred paces. Some of these peasants had seen this stupendous labor performed, and proudly boasted of having borne a share in it; they reminded one another of the figure of the first Consul, of the color of his dress, and even of the insignificant words which had dropped from him in their presence. It was thus that I found the memory of this man living in all its power among foreigners, while to our young generation, which never saw him, he seems a fabulous hero, produced by some Homeric imagination.

This exploring of places detained us until seven o'clock in the evening. On returning to St. Peter's, the weather was cloudy and promised a rainy night. A number of travelling parties had arrived, and having been detained like ourselves by the threatening appearance of the weather and approach of night, they had taken possession of the chambers and laid hands on the provisions.

Nothing remained for us six, but a garret and an omelette. At sight of our forlorn lodging place, one of us proposed courageously starting for the Mount St. Bernard hospice that very evening. True, there would be three hours of fatigue and rain, but what a prospect at the end of the journey!—a splendid supper, a good fire, a cell impervious to the weather, and a good bed.

The proposal was received with enthusiasm; we descended and sent to inquire for a guide. In ten minutes one arrived; we told him to muster two of his comrades and procure six mules, as we were determined to go to the great St. Bernard that very evening, to sleep.

“To the great St. Bernard! Heavens!” said he.

And he went to the window, looked at the weather, — was sure that it would be foul all night: he put out his hand to the wind, that he might judge from what direction it blew, and came back to us shaking his head.

“Then you say that you must have three men and six mules?” “Yes.” “To go to-night to St. Bernard?” “Yes.” “Very well, you shall have them;” and he turned his back on us to go in quest of them. However, the signs that had escaped from him gave us some uneasiness, and we called him back.

“Is there indeed any danger?” we said to him.

“Plague! the weather is bad; but since you chuse to go to St. Bernard, we will try to conduct you thither.”

“Will you ensure us?” “A man can only promise what a man can do — we will try; however, if I might advise you, please to take six guides instead of three.”

“Very well, be it so — six guides; but to come back to the danger, what is it? It seems to me that the season is not late enough for any fear of avalanches.”

"No, if we do not get out of the road."

"But there is no losing the road when it is free from snow, and snow on the 26th of August would be the very deuce!"

"Oh! as for the snow, you may be easy, you see, about that; we shall have it, and higher than your gaiters. Do you perceive this little sprinkle, which is so fine here? Well, at one league's distance from St. Peters — for we shall keep on ascending to the hospice — it will be snow," — he went back to the window — "and there it will fall thick," he added, returning. — "Oh nonsense, nonsense; to St. Bernard?"

"But, gentlemen," I resumed.

"To St. Bernard! Let those who are for sleeping at St. Bernard, hold up their hands." Four out of the six held up their hands. The departure was decided on. "You see," continued the guide, "if you were mountain boys, I should say, 'well! forward!' but you are Parisians, as I suppose; and with your leave, the Parisian is delicate and afraid of the cold — as soon as his feet are in the snow, he shivers."

"No matter; we will not alight from our mules."

"That you may say, but you will be obliged to do it."

"Never mind; go muster your comrades and hunt up your beasts."

As soon as we were alone, we made what arrangements for the expedition were most comfortable. Each of us added to his coverings anything that he possessed in the form of blouse, great coat or cloak, and took a bottle of rum. A fraternal distribution of cigars took place, and a tinder box was transferred by acclamation from the mantel-piece to one of our pockets. Each of us then



heaped all the wood he could find on the fire, to make a provision of warmth for the expedition.

Our guide entered. "Right! warm yourselves," said he, "that can do no harm."

"Are you ready?" "Yes, my master," "On then, to horse!"

We descended and found our beasts at the door; each one gaily mounted, and moved by a sentiment of ambition, attempted to take the lead. Now every one who has ever mounted a mule, knows that it is the hardest thing in the world to make one pass before its comrade; this contest detained us in sport nearly a quarter of an hour, so much did we feel the necessity of arming ourselves before hand against the coming fatigue. At length, Lamark took the head of our line; dropping his mule's bridle, he succeeded, by dint of his feet and cane, in putting him into a trot, crying out, "No fear; Napoleon passed here."\*

When one mule trots, the whole company trots, and the guides, who are on foot, are consequently obliged to gallop. This in general inspires them with such an aversion to that kind of motion, that they have succeeded in imparting it to their beasts. Consequently, however eager the leader of the line may seem, to be, he never fails to come to a sudden stop, and to impose his immobility on every individual behind, whether man or animal. Then the whole line gravely commences a walk, elongating itself in proportion as the movement is communicated from end to end.

\* This phrase of one of their guides, had become a bye-word with the party —Tn.

"Snow! gentlemen," said one of us, "our guide is a prophet." In fact, about half an hour after we began to ascend, the cold grew more and more keen, and what fell as rain on the plain, fell here as sleet.

"Zounds! snow on the 26th of August! it will be curious to tell of to our Parisians. Gentlemen, I move that we alight and throw snow-balls at one another, in memory of Napoleon who passed here."

"Gentlemen," said the guide, "I advise you to do no such thing; it would cause you to lose time, and you have none too much; remember, that in quarter of an hour you will no longer be able to see to guide your mules."

"Well, then, my good fellow, our mules will guide us."

"You cannot do better than not to oppose them. God, you see has made one thing for the other; the Parisian for Paris, and the mule for the mountain. I always say so to my travellers. Let the beast go — let it go. Just here, in the plain of Prou, it matters not so much; but after you have passed the bridge of Hudrie, you will find yourselves on a path as narrow as a rope-dancer's cord, and as the snow will probably prevent you from distinguishing it, you must abandon yourselves to your mules and be easy."

"Bravo, master guide, well said! Let us now take a sip: halt!" Every one put his bottle to his mouth and passed it to his guide. In the mountain, one glass and one flask suffices; no disgust is felt towards him who six paces farther on, may save your life.

Under the excitement of the liquor each one recovered his gaiety, and though the night and the snow grew ever thicker, the company, laughing and singing, noisily re-

sumed their way. In the midst of this desolate country, this piercing snow, and the night growing ever blacker, a singular impression was produced on me by that little file of mules, riders and guides, joyously plunging into the gloomy, silent and terrible mountain, without even an echo to send back to them their songs and shouts. It seemed as if I were not the only one affected by this impression; for gradually the singing became less noisy, the peals of laughter less frequent. Passing oaths succeeded; — a “Zounds, fellows, do you know that it is not warm?” vehemently uttered, seemed so perfect an expression of the general opinion, that not a voice was raised to oppose it.

“A sip more, and let us light our cigars.”

“Bravo! who makes the proposal?”

“I, Jules Lamark.”

“When we reach the hospice, we will vote him our thanks. Come, De Sussy, out with the tinder box.”

“Oh, gentlemen, must I take my hands out of my pockets, when they are so warm there? Come and take the tinder box from my pocket.”

A guide rendered us this service: his comrades lighted their pipes from the tinder box, and we our cigars from their pipes. When we resumed our route, the night was so black, that not one of us could see anything of the other, save a luminous point at the mouth of each one, which became brilliant at every respiration.

This time, the shouting and singing had ceased; the rum had lost its influence; a silence the most profound reigned throughout the line, and was interrupted only by the cheering noises made by the guides to our mules, sometimes by voice, sometimes by gestures.

In fact, there was nothing around us to induce gaiety;

the cold constantly grew keener, and the snow fell in increasing profusion; the night was illumined only by a pale, feeble reflection; the road became more and more narrow, and from time to time was obstructed by such masses of rock, that our mules were forced to abandon it and follow little paths on the very slope of the precipice, the depth of which we could measure by the sound of the Drance, which flowed at its base; and even this sound, becoming feebler at every step, proved to us that the abyss was growing more and more deep and precipitous. From the snow that we saw heaped on the hat and garments of him who preceded us, we judged that each one sustained an equal quantity. We perceived, also, through our clothes, a sensation less penetrating, but colder than that occasioned by rain. At length the leader of our file stopped.

"Faith!" said he, "I am frozen and must go on foot."

"I told you truly," resumed our guide, "that you would be obliged to alight."

Indeed each of us felt the need of warming himself by exercise. We placed our feet on the ground, and as we could hardly see where to go, our guides advised us to lay hold on the tails of our mules, which in this way would afford us the double advantage of relieving us of part of our fatigue and pioneering the road. This manœuvre was punctually performed, for we perceived the necessity of abandoning ourselves to the instinct of our beasts and the sagacity of our conductors.

I began to feel a pain and vertigo in my head, with that irresistible desire to sleep, of which I had heard, and the doctor apparently had the same sensations, as he proposed a halt.

"Forward! forward, gentlemen," eagerly cried our



guide, "for I warn you that whoever of us stops, will not set out again." In the accent with which he pronounced these words, there was such profound conviction, that we resumed our march without objection. One of us—I know not which—tried to recall our former gaiety with the watchword which had never failed before,— "Napoleon passed here;" but at this time the jest had lost its charm—no laugh responded to it, and the unwonted silence with which it was received, gave it a character more mournful than a lamentation.

Thus we marched on, mechanically dragged by our mules nearly half an hour, plunging up to our knees in the snow, while a frozen perspiration bathed our brows.

"A house!" suddenly called De Sussy. "Ah!" Every person dropped his mule's tale, astonished that our muleteers had not mentioned to us this station.

"With your leave," said the head guide, "do you not know what this house is?"

"If it be the devil's, we will go in, provided we can shake off this confounded snow in it, and place our feet on the ground; let us enter." The thing was not difficult, as there were no doors nor bars to this house. We called; no one answered.

"Yes, yes, call," said our guide, "and if you awake those who sleep here, you will be lucky." In fact, no one answered, and the hut seemed deserted; however, though open to all the winds of heaven, it afforded us a shelter from the snow, and we determined to halt there for a moment.

"If there were a chimney here, we would make a fire," said a voice. "And fuel."—"Let us look for a chimney." De Sussy stretched out his hands,— "Gentle-

men," said he, "here is a table." These words were followed by a sort of cry, partly of terror, partly of astonishment.

"What is it? Speak!" "Here is a man lying on the table." "What, what?"

"Gentlemen," said one of the guides, detaching himself from the group of his companions, who had remained outside, and putting his head through the window, "Gentlemen, no jesting in a place like this."

"Why, where are we?"

"In one of the death-houses of the St. Bernard."

He withdrew his head and rejoined his companions, not adding a word more; yet few orators could boast of producing so great an effect by so few words. Each one of us remained riveted to the spot where he stood.

"Faith! Gentlemen we must examine this, it is one of the curiosities of the route," said De Sussy, and he lighted a taper at his tinder box. By its feeble light we discovered three dead bodies, — one lying on the table, and the two others seated in two of the corners.

It would be necessary to have been in our situation, to form an idea of the impression created by the sight of these unfortunates. It would be necessary to dread for yourselves, at such a moment, the terrible fate of those who had preceded you, which was thus placed before our eyes, in order to comprehend how our hair stood up and the sweat rolled down from our foreheads. Much as we needed repose and a fire, we felt no other desire than to quit as speedily as possible this hostelry of the dead.

We, therefore, resumed our course, even more silent and more gloomy than before this halt, though, at the same time, full of the energy which the sight of such a

spectacle had imparted to us. During an hour, not a word was exchanged, not even on the part of our guides. The snow, the road, the very cold, I think, had disappeared; such possession had one single idea taken of our whole souls,—so much did one single fear press on our hearts and accelerate our march.

At last our head guide uttered one of those cries common with mountaineers, which by their shrill tone are heard at vast distances, and designate by their modulation whether the person who utters them is thereby calling for assistance, or simply announcing his arrival.

The cry prolonged itself, for nothing could arrest it on this carpet of snow; and as no echo returned it to us, the mountain resumed its silence. We had hardly proceeded two hundred paces, when we heard the barking of a dog. "Here, Drapeau, here!" cried our guide.

At the same instant, an enormous dog, of the peculiar species known under the name of the 'race of St. Bernard,' ran to meet us, and recognising our guide, reared himself up against him, placing his paws upon his breast.

"That will do, Drapeau, that is enough my good fellow. With your leave, gentlemen, this is an old acquaintance, who is very glad to see me again. Is it not so, Drapeau? Hey! Poor dog, good fellow, yes, yes; that will do, come, that is enough; march!"

Fortunately, the journey was nearly ended. Ten minutes afterwards, we suddenly found ourselves before the hospice, which on this side cannot be perceived, even in day-time, until you have nearly reached it. An attendant awaited us at the gate—that gate which is gratuitously open night and day, to whoever comes to ask hospitality, which in this region of desolation, is often life.

We were received by the brother who was on guard, and conducted to a chamber, where we found an excellent fire; while we were warming ourselves, our cells were prepared; fatigue had put to flight our hunger, so that we preferred sleep to supper. A cup of warm milk was served up to us in our beds; the brother who brought me mine, informed me that I was in the apartment where Napoleon had dined: for myself, I never was in one where I slept better.

The next day at ten o'clock, we were all on our feet, and made the inventory of the Consular chamber which had fallen to my share; it was in no respect distinguished from the other cells, — no inscription recorded the passage of the modern Charlemagne.

We placed ourselves at the window; the sky was blue, the sun brilliant, and the ground covered with a foot of snow. It is difficult to form an idea of the savage gloominess of the landscape, beheld from the windows of the hospice, which is situated 7,200 feet above the level of the sea, in the centre of a triangle, formed by the point of Dronaz, Mount Valau, and the great St. Bernard. A lake, nurtured by an icy fountain and situated a few paces from the convent, far from enlivening the view, renders it still more gloomy. Its waters, which in their setting of snow, look black, are too cold to nourish any species of fish, and too high to attract any species of bird. It is a miniature image of the Dead Sea, lying at the feet of Jerusalem in ruins. Whatever is endued with an appearance of animal or vegetable life, climbs the road by degrees, as high as its strength permits; man and the dog have alone reached the summit.

Only where we were, with this picture of desolation



beneath the eye, could an idea be formed of the sacrifices of these men, who have abandoned the ravishing valleys of Aoste and Tarentum; their pastoral dwellings, mirrored perhaps in the blue waves of the little lake of Orta, which sparkles, humid, melting and profound as the eye of a Spanish maiden; their loved families and the betrothed of their hearts, blessed with the dowry of happiness and love, in order to come, staff in hand, with only dogs for their friends, to place themselves upon the snowy path of the traveller, as living statues of devotion. It is here that we look down in pity on the fastidious charity of the man of the city, who thinks that he has done all his duty to his brethren, when he has ostentatiously dropped from the ends of his fingers, into the purse of some fair charity-mendicant, the piece of gold, for which he is compensated by a curtesy and a smile. Oh could it be, that on one of those voluptuous nights in our Parisian winter, when the gay ball has converted our women into whirling circles of diamonds and flowers, or Victor's beautiful lines on charity, have caused the tear to start in some young eye beaming with pleasure, — could it be, that the lights should suddenly become extinct, that a pannel should drop from the wall, and the eye be enabled to pierce the distance, — could one of those old men be straightway seen in the midst of the night, on a narrow path, at the foot of a precipice, threatened by an avalanche and enveloped in a tempest of snow, who walk, repeating with shouts, "Brothers, this way!" — O surely, surely, the most complacent in their charities, would wipe the shame-drops from their brows, and fall on their knees, crying, "Oh! my God."

As for the foundation of the hospice, it certainly goes back as far as the ninth century, mention being made of it in the year 859. Nine centuries have revolved, and neither time nor men have introduced any changes in the rules of the monastery, nor in the hospitable duties of the occupants.

The chain of the Alps on which Mount St. Bernard is situated, has witnessed the four transits of Hannibal, Charlemagne. Francis the first, and Napoleon. Hannibal and Charlemagne passed over it at Mount Cenis, Francis and Napoleon, at the very spot where the hospice stands. L. O.

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#### AN AMERICAN.

DR. DWIGHT, in his travels in New England, states that soon after the county of Lichfield, in America, began to be settled by the English, a strange Indian arrived at an inn, and asked the hostess, as the evening was advancing, to provide him some refreshment; at the same time observing, that from failure in hunting he had nothing to pay, but promising compensation whenever he succeeded.

The plea was, however, in vain; the hostess loaded him with opprobrious epithets, and declared that it was not to throw away her earnings on such creatures as himself, that she worked so hard. But as the Indian was about to retire, with a countenance expressive of severe suffering, a man who sat by directed the hostess to supply his wants, and promised her full remuneration.

As soon as the Indian had finished his supper, he thanked his benefactor, assured him that he should remember his kindness, and engaged that it should be faithfully recompensed when it was in his power. The friend of the Indian had occasion, some years after, to go into the wilderness between Lichfield and Albany, where he was taken prisoner by an Indian scout, and carried to Canada. On his arrival at the principal settlement of the tribe, it was proposed by some of the captors that he should be put to death ; but, during the consultation, an old woman demanded that he should be given up to her, that she might adopt him for a son who had been lost in the war. Accordingly he was given up to her, and he passed the succeeding winter in her family, amidst the usual circumstances of savage hospitality.

While, in the course of the following summer, he was at work alone in the forest, an unknown Indian came and asked him to go to a place he pointed out, on a given day ; and to this he agreed, not without some apprehension that mischief was contemplated. His fears increasing, his promise was broken. The same person repeated his visit, and after excusing himself in the best way he could, he made another engagement, and kept his word. On reaching the appointed spot, he found the Indian provided with ammunition, two muskets, and two knapsacks ; he was ordered to take one of each, and followed his conductor, under the persuasion that, had he intended him injury, he might have despatched him at once. In the day time, they shot the game that came in their way, and at night they slept by the fire they had kindled ; but the silence of the Indian, as to the object of their expedition, was mysterious and profound. Af-

ter many days had thus passed, they came one morning to the top of an eminence, from whence they observed a number of houses rising in the midst of a cultivated country. The Indian asked his companion if he knew the ground, and he eagerly said, "It is Lichfield." His guide then recalled the scene at the inn some years before, and, bidding him farewell, exclaimed, "I am that Indian! Now I pray you go home."

[Anecdotes, Lessons, &c.]

## THE TANNER OF MASCARA.

[From the London Saturday Journal.]

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE winter of eighteen hundred and thirty-eight was very severe — the poor still shiver at its remembrance; prolonged beyond its ordinary limits, there was little, save the increasing length of the days, to give token of the progress of the seasons. The snow lay on the ground in April, and "the pleasing breath of Spring" gave way to the cold blast of the bitter, north-east wind.

It was in this ungenial season that a Moorish vender of dates, and a little country girl who offered violets for sale, took up their station at the foot of the bridge which leads from the Place Louis Quinze to the Chamber of Deputies. The sweet flowers had put forth their tender blossoms despite the snow and wind; but where they grew, I cannot guess. But flowers, fruits and vegetables can be procured at all seasons. How this is managed is



a mystery; and I verily believe more pine apples are grown in Paris than in Martinique.

The Moor was an old man; he was a native of Mascara, in the territory of Algiers, where he had been established as a tanner, and manufactured that kind of red and brown colored leather used by sword-cutlers for the sheaths and scabbards of daggers and sabres. This commodity is highly valued in the East; and its preparation requiring considerable skill and address, those who excel in it are held in much esteem: our date merchant had been distinguished for the superiority of his goods.

His reputation was established, and his fortune was made, when the French dismantled Mascara, and burnt it. The tanner was ruined; they set fire to his workshops, and made saddles of his finest leather; his wife fell by their hands, and his daughter perished in the flames that consumed his dwelling: — his wife, who was called “The Moon;” his little daughter, “The Raspberry,” — a beautiful name in Arabic, though it sounds strange in a translation.

The poor tanner had much to endure. As an indemnification, he was invested with the rank of a French citizen, and enrolled in a kind of national guard; and with the ruins of his house they built a café, where, after the fashion of Paris, they drank beer and played at dominoes. He went to Algiers to lay his complaint before the governor, who protested that it was not in his power to prevent the vanquished from starving: yet we talk of barbarians, and call ourselves civilized.

The tanner of Mascara was graciously permitted to repair to France. Here the poor native of the East suffered terribly from cold, which penetrated his light gar-

ments. The unhappy man had chosen Paris for his abode. He spoke, but no one understood him; he wept, and they even apprehended him still less. He passed whole days at the corner of the Bourse, which he, in his simplicity, took for a Catholic mosque. He concluded, therefore, that those who repaired thither could not fail to be charitable; for charity, says Mahomet, is a holy dew; it is easily scattered abroad, and produces a rich harvest. The only dew that descended on the Oriental was that of the Parisian sky; no stock-broker dropped even a sous into his palm. "The camels endure hunger longer than I have," said the tanner; "let me draw my girdle tighter." He tightened his belt and thought on his wife, whom they called "The Moon," and on his daughter, "the little Raspberry." But the time came at last when no alternative was left but to eat, to die, or to rob. Sitting on his heels, after the Eastern fashion, the Moor suffered a melancholy smile to pass over his countenance. "I must die," he said: "God keeps the account of our actions."

We shall soon learn the fate of the poor tanner.

Nanture is a very pretty, delightful little village, between Paris and the Germain en Large; it is there that the more fortunate inhabitants of the city repair to refresh themselves with the pure air of Spring, after the fatigues and excesses of the long winter evenings. Here the little seller of violets, of whom we have spoken, was born; her father worked in a vineyard, and her mother, when she could find a purchaser, sold cakes at the entrance of the park of St. Cloud. These two occupations put together, scarcely sufficed to pay the rent of their cottage and purchase their daily bread.

When the little girl began to get bigger, — that is to say, when she was almost three feet high, — they put a bonnet on her head, sabots on her feet, and six bunches of violets in her hands, and said, “You must walk three leagues every morning, and sell these violets in the streets of Paris.” Her parents were getting old, their sight was failing, and their limbs were feeble. She must see and walk for them, and she was contented to do it. Poor little girl! — Beautiful as the summer, and fair as the patron saint of Nanture, who led her sheep to the water brooks, spinning as she went! She toiled painfully every day six long leagues, to bring home six sous. But her father was now ill in bed, and her mother sat ill in her chair; she must, nevertheless, go to Paris, through terrible roads, oceans of mud, and showers of snow.

There she was at her post, at the foot of the bridge of the Chamber of Deputies, where so many chariots with emblazoned pannels, — so many rich men, drawn by four sleek, well-fed horses, swept along. She held six bunches of violets in her hand; — sweet child! She offered them, after shaking off the snow, to all who passed; but no one would purchase them — no, not one.

She had been there from six in the morning, and it was now near mid-day.

The tanner of Mascara was not dead; he had met, by an extraordinary chance, with a remarkably generous man, who had made him a present of a basket, and a cord to string it with, and three pounds of dates. With this stock he essayed his fortune. “Dates, dates, real Tafilat dates!” he cried. The first day he sold eight dates, the second, three; the third day, that on which he

cried his dates at the foot of the bridge of the Chamber of Deputies, he had not sold one, and they were now melted by the rain and soiled with mud.

At two o'clock the cold fell twelve degrees below the freezing point.

The little violet merchant, who had sold no more than the vender of dates, grew blue and shivered with the cold. The Moor took off his turban, and unrolled it, and said,—or rather he *said* nothing. The poor child wrapped the muslin round her shoulders.

“Dates! dates! real Tafilat dates!”

“Violets, ladies!—pray, buy my violets.”

Still no purchaser. Three o'clock struck, and the cold descended to the eighteenth degree, and neither one nor the other had eaten anything that day.

Some charitable persons laughed as they went by, at seeing a Turk without a turban.

At four o'clock the little girl's heart failed her; she leaned upon the parapet of the bridge. The Moor then went towards her, and said, “How do you sell your violets, mademoiselle?”

“Six sous the six bundles,” she replied.

“Take and eat these ten dates—half of what I have left—and give me two bundles of violets in exchange.”

By this means the child of Nanture breakfasted.

The Oriental ate nothing; he had not yet fasted more than two days.

Thus it was that misfortune united the misery of the West with the misery of the East—the flowers and the dates.

At sunset the cold was so intense as to sink the thermometer twenty-one degrees below the freezing point.



Showing his white teeth, the tanner smiled as he looked up to heaven. The child had fallen asleep at the foot of the bridge.

"She sleeps," thought he, "and she is as beautiful as my 'little Raspberry.' Let her sleep on."

"Dates! dates! real Tafilat dates!"

Paris was lighted up. It was splendid; it glittered beneath the dark sky, as if under the arched roof of a niche. People went to balls, to the opera, the cafés and the restaurants, where they eat apricots at forty francs the plate.

In his turn, the Moor felt the influence of sleep; he yielded to it the more readily, as now there was little chance of selling any of his dates. It was seven o'clock, and the thermometer had sunk twenty-one degrees.

It was a good thought before he slept, to draw near to the child, that he might warm her with the sort of bur-noose, which the glorious conquest of the French had spared him.

He kept one part, and threw the other over the pretty little violet merchant.

They are still asleep.

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### WHERE IS GOD?

In the sun, the moon, the sky;  
And the mountain, wild and high;  
In the thunder, in the rain;  
In the grove, the wood, the plain;  
In the little birds that sing;  
God is seen in every thing.

[Eliza Cook.]

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[From the Univercelum.]

PETER AND THE ANGEL.

BY REV. THOMAS L. HARRIS.

SLEEP, cradling in its arms the wearied world,  
Hushed to sweet rest a poor unfriended man ;  
To prison gyves and dungeon misery hurled,  
Beneath the Church's ban.

He had gone forth with bold, unselfish zeal,  
And, through th' Hierarchal City's crowded mart,  
Flung burning Truths, like sparks from flaming steel  
Upon the People's Heart.

Some power there was about his strong plain words  
That shook the very base of Church and State,  
And spread strange terror through the haughty crowds  
Of armed and mitred Great.

He taught the very Slave that he possessed  
A manhood mightier than imperial Rome,  
A power, that roused, should Wrong's fierce cohorts breast  
And scatter like the foam.

He rose in might beneath the Temple's dome,  
Rending the tabernacle's veils apart,  
Showing that God dwelt not in gold or stone,  
But in the loving Heart.

'Neath his true spirit moved the enkindled throng,  
As the obedient sea beneath the stars,  
The mountain waves of Popular Thought ran strong  
Against Oppression's bars.

So, his free speech and freer thought to crush,  
The Priesthood flung him to the dungeon stone,  
And through the Midnight's cold, sepulchral hush,  
Peter slept calmly on :

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Slept calmly, fearing not tomorrow's load,  
The scourge of suffering and the crown of thorns,  
For the true Soul sails safely home to God,  
Alike through calm and storms.

A glory kindles round his brow : he wakes :  
Tinged with the Morn his Soul transfigured stands :  
Upon his eye the eternal radiance breaks,  
And spreads the Elysian Lands.

And lo! the Angel! the delivering Friend!  
His form divine in soft resplendence 'rayed,  
His accents with the captive's heart-beats blend,  
" 'Tis I, be not afraid."

Before his touch the brazen portals open!  
Beneath his glance the welded gyves give way!  
They, hand in hand go forth, and Heaven's blue cope  
Above is tinged with Day.

So Peter, strong in supersensual might,  
Rode forth triumphant o'er Wrong's gathering storm,  
The first CRUSADER, marshalling to the fight  
The ARMIES OF REFORM.

Oh, Brother Man, fear not! Though Hate and Wrong  
And Want and Death hem round thy perilous path,  
Cease not to warble forth thine angel song,  
Fear not old Falsehood's wrath.

Whether we face the Lions in the den,  
Or sail o'er martyrdom's red, fiery seas,  
Around us camp, invisible to men,  
"The Cloud of Witnesses."

No chains can bind, no flames consume the Soul :  
God's breath destroys the avalanche of ill :  
When the dark clouds of suffering round us roll,  
Heaven sends its Angels still.

## PELZ NICKEL'S LETTER.

WHEN the parents of Gerald and Susy moved into the country, it was early Spring. They had the pleasure of seeing the first green grass springing up, and the soft feathery verdure upon the trees growing greener and fuller, till at length the whole village was shadowed by the rich foilage of the spreading elms. Then even little Bessie could run out and play in the garden, and happy as a bird she was, picking the butter-cups and seeing the beautiful "roses on the trees." She was just three years old, and a beautiful rose-bud herself; and every one who saw her round cheeks, glowing with the fresh country air, felt glad she had come to live among the violets and daisies. But the season of violets and blossoms passed, and Summer came. The children must now choose the shady spots to play in, and they could watch the flowers, which were beginning to come up in their gardens. But even the long, sunny Summer passed at length, and they went into the woods with their mother to gather the bright leaves of Autumn, and the beautiful mosses, to cover her crocus and hyacinth bulbs. And they liked these pleasant autumn walks, even better than their spring and summer rambles. But soon the leaves faded and fell, and the pretty mosses were covered with snow. They must give up their walks, and find in-door pleasures now. This was not difficult. One of these pleasures was to draw round the bright, open fire at twilight, and hear their mother read some pleasant book. "The Children's Year," by Mary Howitt, was a great favorite with them, and they entered with delight in-



to Herbert and Meggy's amusements. They laughed at Bucket's cake, — enjoyed Harry Twiggs's party in the fields, — but most of all were they delighted with Pelz Nickel's visit at Christmas. "I wish Pelz Nickel would come here," said Gerald. "So do I," said Susy; "do you think he ever will, mother?" The mother said she was afraid he would not; he lived too far off, to visit them. The book was finished and laid aside, and Pelz Nickel almost forgotten. They were, therefore, quite surprised when, on Christmas eve, their mother said she had a letter for them. "A letter from whom?" asked they. "From Pelz Nickel, I believe," said their mother, "for it is post-marked, 'Novogorod.'" "Yes," said Susy, "that was the very place Herbert and Meggy's Pelz Nickel came from." They all gathered round their mother, little Bessie sitting in her lap, while she read the following letter: —

*"Pelz Nickel to the Little Folks, — Gerald, Susy and Bessie Stanley, — at D \* \* \* 's, U. S. of America.*

"MY DEAR CHILDREN, — The other night, as I was sitting in my dusky old hut in Russia, packing up for my Christmas tour, with my good wife by my side, mending my old bear-skin coat, I suddenly stopped, and looked the old woman in the face. — 'Mrs. Pelz Nickel,' said I, (she is rather hard of hearing, so I raised my voice); 'Mrs. Pelz Nickel, I have a great mind to go to America.' 'To America!' said she, 'Where's that? — O, I have heard of it — a long way off, isn't it? Why, Pelz Nickel, what would you go to America for?' 'To see some little folks, my dear, who have heard about me, and would like to see me, I know. I say, Mrs. Pelz Nickel,' (here I raised my voice again) 'if I had not so

many customers in this part of the globe, and could only skate once the big ocean, I'd go — I'd surely go.' Here I knocked my stick so hard on the floor, that Mrs. Pelz dropped her needle, and then exclaimed, 'Ah! Pelz Nickel, you are always going to some new place. To think of America! why you'll want to go to California next.' I said no more; for the old woman, though excellent in her way, is old fashioned in her notions, and does not like new things. I thought the matter over and concluded that my engagements would not let me go this year; so I determined, in my poor way, though unused to letter writing, to indite you an epistle. — And here, by the light of my pine torch, I commence.

"You know I go into a great many families, and see a variety of children, and it is my way to tell them their faults, if they have any, (and most children have) and give them a bit of advice. I always shake my stick before I put my hand into my bag. Come here, Master Gerald: Do you shovel the snow for your mother? — and do all her errands willingly? — and hang up your cap? — and study your lessons? — and are you kind to your sisters? Don't run away, Susy; it's your turn next: Do you hem your father's handkerchiefs? — and dust the parlor? — and keep your drawers in order? — and are you gentle and lady-like? I am glad you like to study, and have learned the multiplication table. Indeed, I believe you both try to improve. If I did not think you wished to be good, and were truthful, obedient, and kind hearted, I should not take the trouble to write this letter with my stiff, old fingers, and with such poor light, too. But where is my little favorite, Bessie? This is all I have to say to her. Bessie, dear, don't pull

pussy's tail ; never cry without a good cause, and be sure to love your little cousin Amy. Here I pause, and dive down to the bottom of my big bag, to see what I can find to send you. Not much, I fear, for we are pretty poor here in the North. O ! here's a potato ; that's for you, Master Gerald. Don't laugh ; potatoes are the staff of life in some countries. What is there for Susy ? Ah ! a turnip. Well, turnips are not to be despised — excellent in soup, Miss Susy. Now for the little pet, Bessie. We must find something nice for her. Yes, an apple — a red apple. Nothing's too good for Bessie.

“ Perhaps you may think my gifts but poor ones ; but you know Pelz Nickel has little to give, except in the way of advice. It is the Christmas angel who must bring the beautiful gifts. Perhaps he may visit you, or at least send his tokens. But, my dear children, if we neither of us come in person, let Pelz Nickel, as *conscience*, be with you every day in the year, whispering to you all your faults. Then, if you heed his admonitions, the beautiful Christ-child of love and peace, will always follow, to hang the Christmas tree of life full of his heavenly tokens ; and every branch shall be radiant with the light of happiness.

“ There, my little folks, this is a long letter for me. My torch is almost burnt out, and my old woman asleep. Bless the good old soul, how nicely she has mended my coat for me to start on my Christmas journey ! Perhaps next year you may see me in America. I may go to California too, (if my wife is willing) ; though, to tell the truth, I had rather see good and happy children, than all the gold mines in the world.

“ Your sincere friend and well-wisher,

“ PELZ NICKEL.”

There was an odd shaped bundle, which came with the letter, containing the potato, the turnip, and the red apple. After some examination, they were cut open, and the potato was found to contain a seal, the turnip, a tiny bottle, and the apple a little glass bird. The children laughed, and Gerald said, 'he did not think Pelz Nickel's country could be a very poor one, if all the potatoes were like this.' Susy ran round the room and clapped her hands. 'I know who wrote the letter,' said she. 'Aunt Fanny was Pelz Nickel!' 'Don't run away Susy, it is your turn next,' sounds just like her.' Bessie looked up into her mother's face with a half puzzled expression. 'How did Pelz Nickel know I had a little cousin Amy?' (Amy was her baby cousin, whom she continually talked about, but had seen only once.) 'I *do* love my little cousin Amy, dearly,' said she, 'and I *never* pull pussy's tail.' 'How is it about crying, Bessie?' asked her mother. 'Well, what shall I do, mother, when the door is shut, and it is so dark I can't find the handle?' If kind hearted Pelz Nickel had been there then, I think he would have smoothed her soft hair with his rough hand, and said, 'Yes, Bessie, you *may* cry then; for that is a great trial for such a little girl as you.'

When Susy went into town, she asked Aunt Fanny whether she wrote the Pelz Nickel letter. Aunt Fanny shook her head and laughed; and I do not know whether the children have yet found out the real author. But they all hope to see Pelz Nickel himself next year, and Gerald wishes "Mrs. Pelz Nickel would come too."

D. F. A.



## WILLIAM SAUNDERS:

OR, BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

Mrs. SAUNDERS was a poor woman living in a little alley leading out of Belknap street. Her husband had been dead about three years, and since his death she had supported herself and her little William by taking in washing, and by going out to work by the day.

William was now able to earn something for himself, and had been about eight weeks employed as an office boy by a lawyer in Court street. He was a good boy, and his mother loved him dearly, and took real comfort in him. She admired his generous nature. He would do anything to oblige another. Twice he had jumped into the water, and at the risk of his life saved boys from drowning. And once, when she had been ill a long time, and unable to work, and they had been very poor, he had quietly borne with his hunger, and tried hard to hide it from her, lest it should increase her pain and make her more unwell. The mother's quick eye had seen this, and, though she grieved that he should be in want, she was a good Christian, and she thanked God for the little boy's generous and courageous spirit. One fault he had, which very much troubled her. William was passionate. He was noble spirited himself, and he could not bear to see another boy mean.

He usually came home in the afternoon at about five o'clock. One afternoon he was rather late. She had waited for him about half an hour, when the door opened

quickly and William rushed in, and threw his cap down violently on the table.

"Oh! mother! it's-too bad! I wish I was dead! I wish I was dead! I can't bear it, and I *won't* bear it any longer!"

His mother was grieved. She looked at him for some time in silence. Their eyes were both full of tears — her's were tears of grief, his of anger. "Oh, William," she said at last, "do not speak so! It is not right, you do not think what you say."

"I do, mother, and I do wish so, for I shall never be happy again. Now I'll tell you, mother, all about it, and you see if you blame me. Mr. Burton let me go early this afternoon, and I thought I would go on to the common and have some fun, and see the fellows skate. That John Burt who lives down in Green street, where you go to work sometimes, you know, was there. He had a pair of new skates, and he did not understand how to fix them on, so I helped him. Then he wanted my little hocky, and I let him have it. Well, while we were talking, ever so many boys came up, and when they saw him speaking to me, they began to laugh at him, and asked him what he wanted to be playing with that nigger for. Then they called me 'darkey,' and 'sambo,' and told me I'd better off, for they want going to have any of your niggers down there. They meant to have the frog-pond to themselves. I looked at John to see what he would do, for I didn't believe he would turn against me, when I had just been helping him. But he did, mother! At first he did not seem to know what to do, but when he found all the boys were against me, he joined them, and called me worse names than any of

them. He's a great, mean, ugly, ungrateful old fellow, and when I get him alone, I'll let him know it in a way he wont like — I'll make him remember me if I *am* a darkey. And now, mother, I wish I was dead, for I shall never be happy, — just because I'm black. I don't see why I was black, unless it was that I might be plagued all my life !”

“ Oh, William ! stop ! stop ! You don't know what you are saying.” His mother spoke calmly, but she was deeply grieved, for she saw that her boy was called to suffer as she had herself suffered most deeply, and she knew that all his life, the thoughtless and the cruel would taunt for that which was God's appointment.

They both remained silent until after supper. Then Mrs. Saunders sat down by him, and said gently, “ William, I used to think you loved me.”

“ So I do *now*, mother !” and he looked surprised that she should have questioned his love.

“ Is not Mr. Burton kind to you still, William ?”

“ Oh, yes ! mother, I love to work for him.”

“ How long is it since I was sick ?”

“ I don't know, mother, — it's ever so long. Why, what *do* you ask me that for ?”

“ You've had a good supper now, and plenty to eat all this day ; hav'nt you, William ?”

“ Yes, mother.” He did not ask his mother again what she meant, for he began to suspect.

“ Who gave you all these things which you enjoy, William ?”

“ God gave them to me, mother.”

“ Yes. You told me the other day that you were thankful to God for having blessed you, but to-night you

say you wish you were dead, and you don't see why you were made as you are. It was God that made you so."

"Well, mother, I did not quite mean what I said. I am sure I do thank God for giving you to me, — but, — I don't see why God should have made me different from the other boys, and to be laughed at."

"No, I suppose you do not see the reason of this. When I was so ill, you thought it strange God should have sent us so much trouble. Yet, when I got well, you told me that you knew it had been good for you; that it made you feel how kind God was in giving us health, and enough to eat and drink, and in giving us one another's love."

"Yes, mother, I remember that, but then —"

"Stop a minute. And when the black clouds come up and it begins to rain, and you are driven in from your play, and I am bothered with my washing, it seems sometimes too bad. Yet the showers, you know, make every thing to grow, that we may all have enough to eat. It is good for us that we have the showers, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, mother, and I was wrong. I didn't mean to say that God wasn't kind, I didn't mean to be ungrateful, but I didn't think — I was so angry, mother."

"Ah, yes, there was the trouble, my son; you *were* angry, and you spoke as you ought not to. There was bad feeling in your heart."

Again the eyes of both were full of tears. *His* were of grief now, for he felt that he had done very wrong; hers were of hope and joy, for she saw that her boy was sorry for his sin.

"You were angry with John Burt, because he was ungrateful for one or two favors you had done him, and you,



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Willie, were ungrateful to that good being who has always been kind to you."

"I know it, I know it. I will never feel so again. I am sure I forgive John Burt."

"Then, Willie, as you have forgiven him who has trespassed against you, I trust your heavenly Father will forgive you. Let us say over the Lord's prayer." And so they repeated those words, "Our Father who art in Heaven."

William felt that it had never been so truly a prayer to him as on that night. They talked together a while longer. Then William read the last part of the 5th chapter of Matthew, beginning — "Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but I say unto you that you resist not evil." As he bid his mother good night, he said that he hoped that he should always remember those words and try to obey them.

The next evening he came home as usual, looking bright and cheerful. His mother asked him to take some clothes she had been washing, home to a gentleman in Charles street, near the bridge. He took them pleasantly. She did not much fear that he would break his resolution, yet she said as she shut the door, "Remember last night."

"Oh yes, mother, you'll see if I don't."

She waited a long time for him to come home, and wondered that he stayed. She did not believe he would forget his promise, yet as the time passed and he did not come, she could not but fear that he had met John Burt again. At last a message came for her to come directly down to the toll-house. "Oh! has he been drowned?"

she asked. The person who called for her said he hoped not: that he had fallen into the water, but had been drawn out, and they hoped he would be brought to life.

She went with trembling heart. She found her boy at the toll-house, lying on his back, surrounded by a crowd. John Burt stood in the midst of them all, wet and dripping, yet thoughtless of himself, watching the black boy's face.

"Oh! is William dead? My noble boy! My only one left! Is he dead?" she cried.

"Oh, no," said John, "no! the feather moves before his lips! He breathes! He surely breathes! He will soon come to!"

The story was soon told. William left the bundle in Charles street, and then went down to the bridge to see the boys skate. John Burt was among them. The ice was thin in some places, and John had ventured out too far. He broke through. He was a poor swimmer, and his clothes and skates weighed him down. The other boys were all too much frightened to help him. They did not dare to tread upon the thin ice. William was light of body, and quick witted. He jumped on to the ice, picked up a long stick and ran out as far as it was safe to venture on his feet, then he laid down on the ice that his weight might be spread over a greater surface, and pushed himself out to the edge of the hole where John was. He held the stick out to the boy, now almost drowning, then by it guided him round to another and stronger part of the ice. So John was saved, but the exertion was almost too much for William. He was so tired and stiff that he could not guide his own motions.

He tried hard to push himself along to a firm spot, but somehow he slid the wrong way, came upon a thin place and fell through. He was too cold and stiff to swim. Many persons had gathered about the place, and by the aid of the bystanders he was drawn out of the water. He was insensible for a long time, and when he had recovered enough to be taken home, he had been so long exposed to wet and cold, that a violent fever set in. For weeks his mother watched by his bed. John Burt, too, no longer doubted whether to treat him well or ill. He did all he could to help him, and to show his thankfulness to him.

"Mother," said William one day when he was nearly well, "do you remember our talk the night before I fell in?"

"Oh yes, very well."

"Well, I thought then that I understood you, but now I do a great deal better. I've thought about it a great many times, since I've been sick, when you hav'nt supposed me attending to anything. I've felt that God has been good in sending this sickness, for it has made me patient. I don't believe I shall ever be so angry again, or murmur because God has made me a poor black boy." — *Anon.*

ANGRY WORDS.

Poison drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison drops are they!
Weaving, for the coming morrow,
Sad memorials of to-day.
Angry words — oh let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip. E. COOK.

SONG.

Oh ! who would sit in the moonlight pale,
Mocked by the hooting owl?
Oh who would sit in the silent vale
Where the winds so howl?
Our parlour floor, our parlour floor,
Is better than mountain, moss, or moor.

This lamp shall be our orb of night,
And large our shadows fall
On the flowery beds all green and bright,
That paint our parlour wall ;
And silken locks and laughing eyes
Shine brighter than stars in bluest skies.

Oh ! the nightingale's is but a silly choice,
To trill to the evening star,
A listener cold, and sweeter the voice
That sings to the light guitar.
For moonlight shades and brawling brooks
We will have music and sunny looks.

Oh we will the happy listeners be,
When songs and tales begin ;
And at our opening casement see
How the rose is peeping in,
As it were a fairy with half-closed eye,
That on our pleasant world would spy.

Oh ! who would exchange a home like this,
Where sweet affection smiles,
For the gardens and banks, and bowers of bliss,
In beauty's thousand isles ?
Oh ! that Keisar or King the peace could find
Within our bright walls, and a cheerful mind !

REV. E. EAGLES.

ERRATUM.

Page 217, line 7, (February No.) after " was " insert the words
" actually true. Sir Arbogast was "

